

INCREDIBLE VIDEO COMPETITION INSIDE!

MARVEL®
22nd Sept 90

THE REAL

NO. 119 45p

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GHTMOSTBUSTERS



GOOD OLD
ECTO-500!!

ISSN 0954-9404



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38

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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



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38



Winston is at the wheel of the fabulous new ECTO-500, the fastest Ghostbusters vehicle yet! He's being *driven mad* by a demon that keeps possessing wheels in this week's fast moving **Winston's Diary!** So *fasten your seat-belts* for some *exhausting, action-packed* adventure!

First though, **The Real Ghostbusters** stand up to a sleeping spook in a story that should keep you on the edge of your sheets entitled **The Grim Sleeper!** But there's no need for *alarm* as The Real Ghostbusters would never *dream* of letting a bedtime beastie *drift off!*

Later on, there's a fabulous **Incredible Hulk Video** competition and the third horrifying instalment of **The Lost and The Lonely!** So don't waste a second, and zoom off through the most ectoplasmically exciting comic this side of the spiritual divide!

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



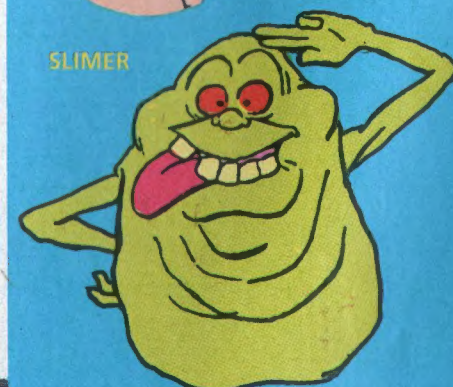
RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE

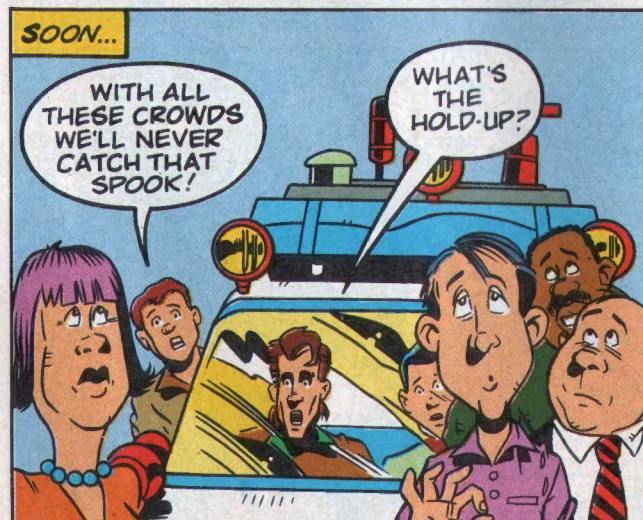


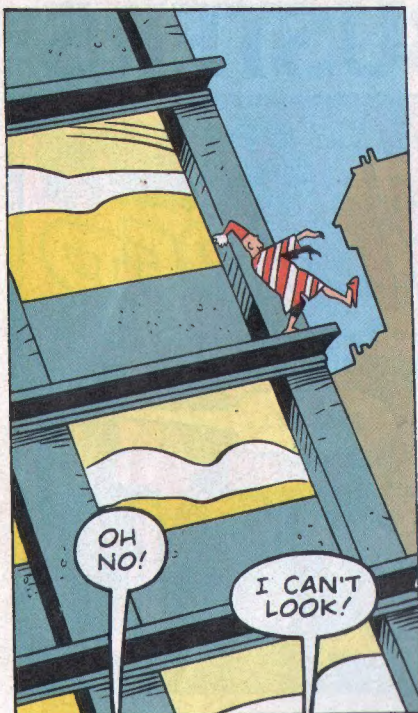
JANINE
MELNITZ



SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™





OH NO!

I CAN'T LOOK!



ERR - YOU CAN LOOK NOW - I THINK!

THAT MUST BE THE SPOOK WE'RE AFTER!



BE CAREFUL, WE DON'T KNOW WHAT SLEEPING POWERS THIS GHOST HAS!

SURE - HE'S AFFECTING PETER ALREADY!

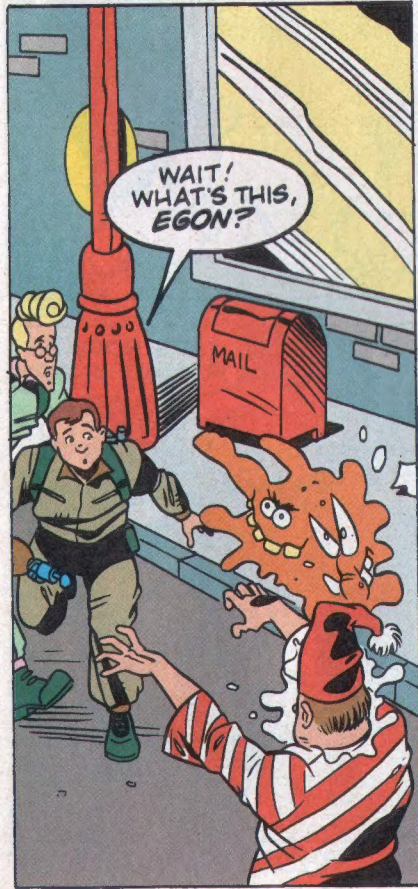
NAH - HE'S ALWAYS LIKE THAT, WINSTON!



DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S UNLUCKY TO WAKE A SLEEPWALKER?

YEP, AND THE BAD LUCK'S ALL HIS!

Z-Z-Z...



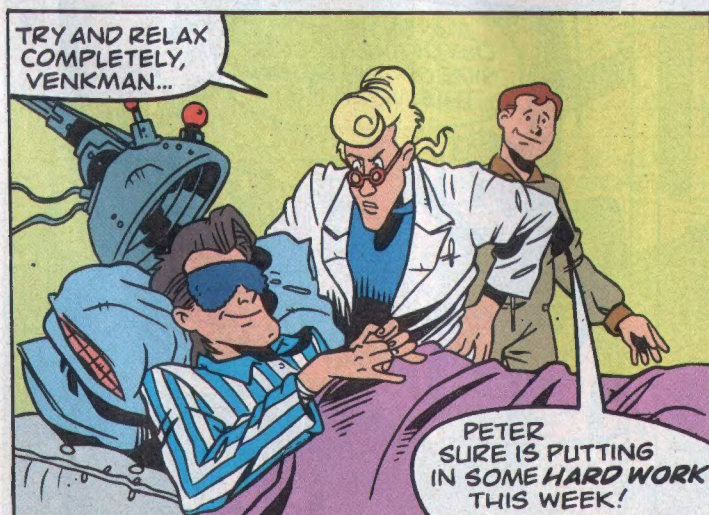
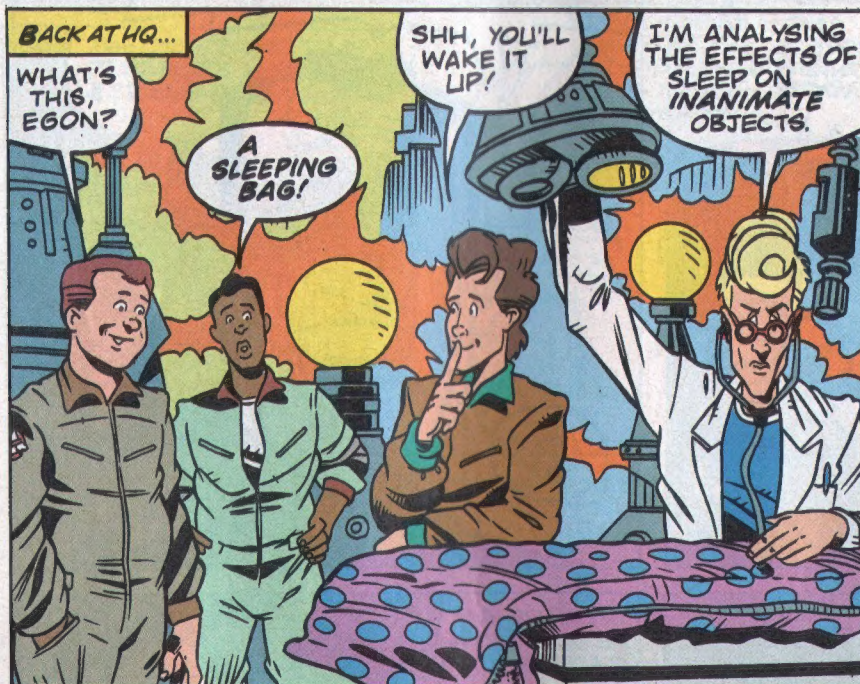
WAIT! WHAT'S THIS, EGON?



IT APPEARS, RAY, THAT HE'S HAVING A QUASI-CORPOREAL NIGHTMARE...

THEY MAY NOT BE REAL TO HIM, BUT WE'D BETTER NOT TAKE ANY CHANCES!

IT DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT, BUSTING SOMEONE ELSE'S DREAMS!

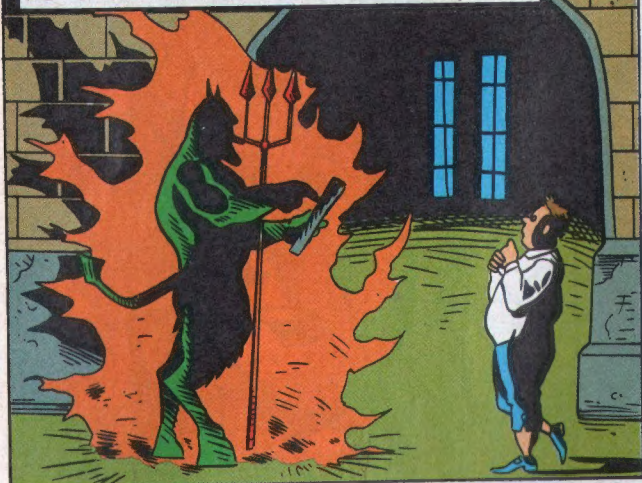


LATER, THAT EVENING...

I'VE DUG UP SOME RESEARCH ON *THE SLEEPER*. IT SEEMS THAT HE WAS A STUDENT OF *BLACK MAGIC*, WHO MANAGED TO AWAKEN A DEMON!



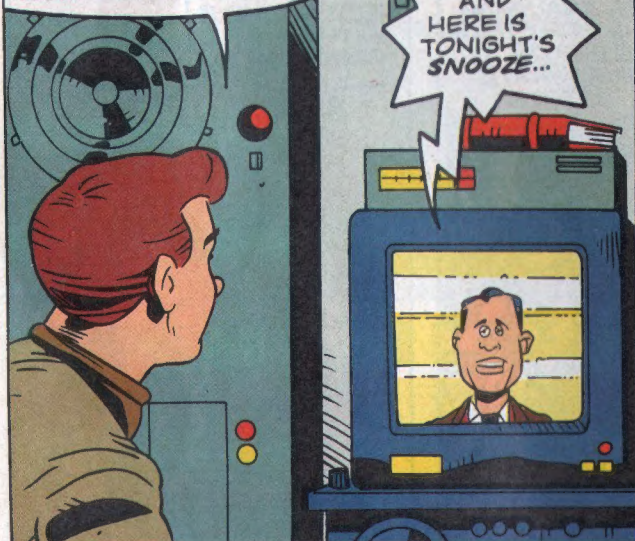
" FILLED WITH WRATH AT BEING DISTURBED BY A MERE MORTAL, THE DEMON CARVED OUT HIS FATE - TO SLEEP FOREVER - ON TWO PIECES OF STONE..."



" KNOWN AS THE SLEEPING TABLETS!"

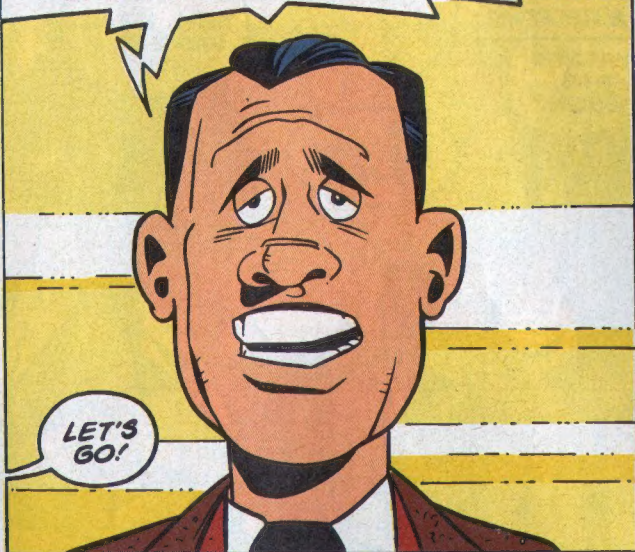


THE GRIM SLEEPER SEEMS TO BE GIVING EVERYONE SLEEP ON THE BRAIN!



AND HERE IS TONIGHT'S SNOOZE...

THE GRIM SLEEPER IS DISRUPTING WORK AT THE NEW BUILDING DEVELOPMENT IN TOWN...

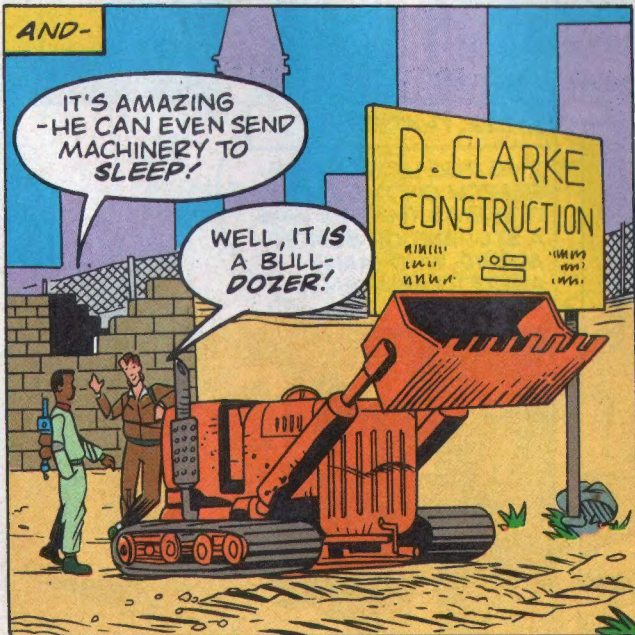


LET'S GO!

AND-

IT'S AMAZING - HE CAN EVEN SEND MACHINERY TO SLEEP!

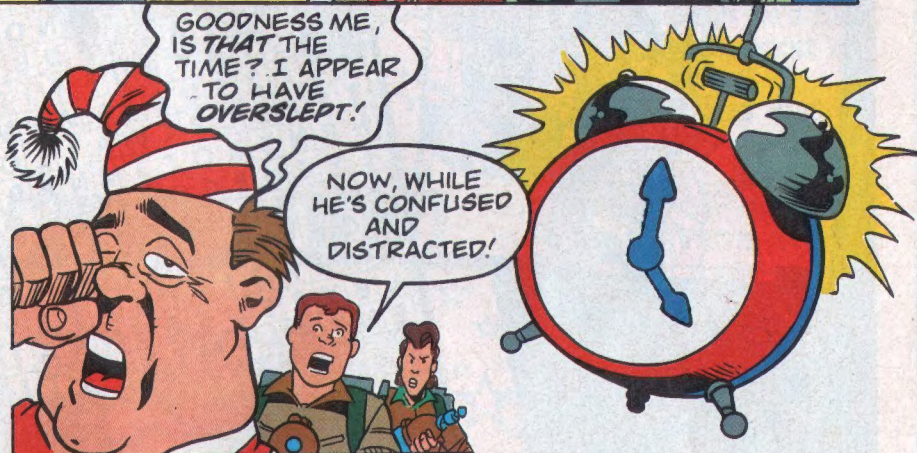
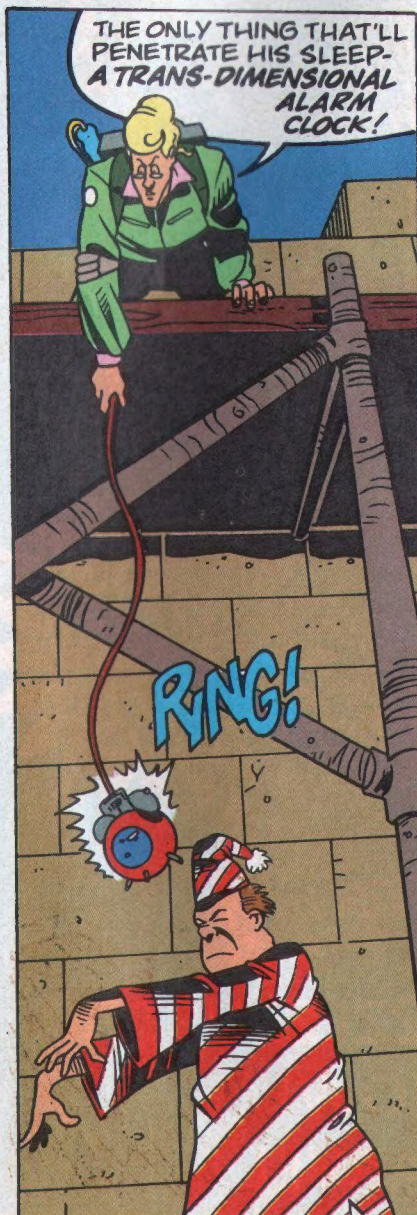
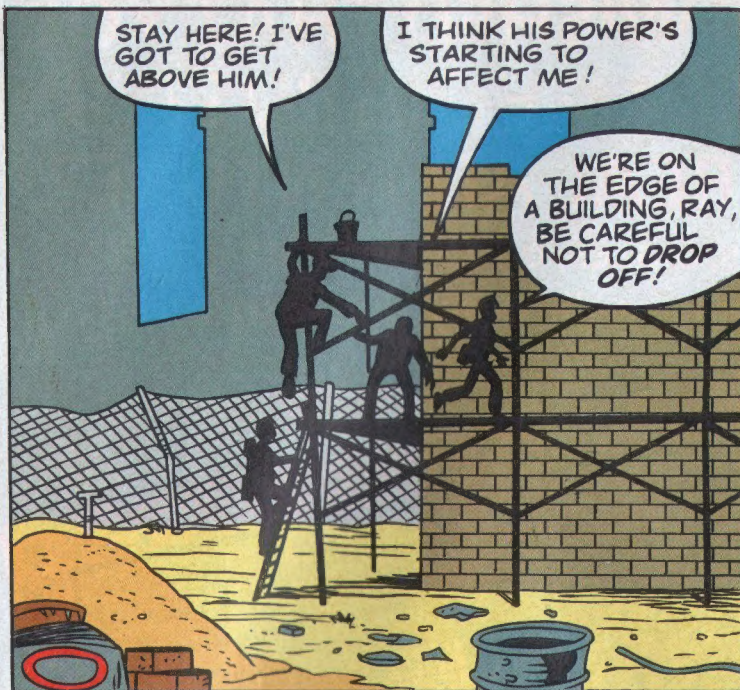
WELL, IT IS A BULL-DOZER!



THERE HE IS! HE LOOKS IN A BAD MOOD!

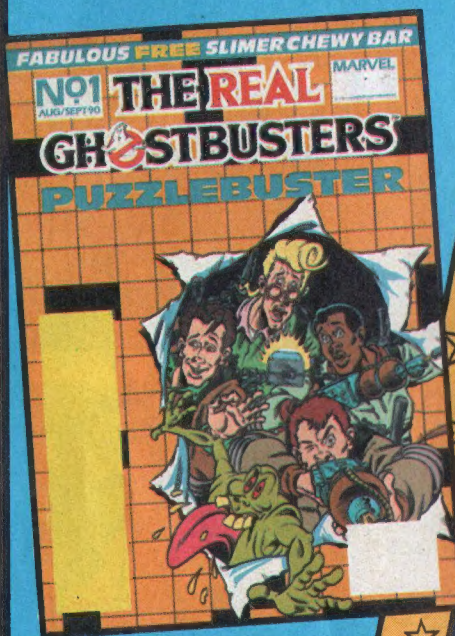
MAYBE HE GOT OUT OF THE WRONG SIDE OF THE BEYOND THIS MORNING!





HAVE YOU EVER WISHED THAT YOU COULD BE A **REAL** GHOSTBUSTER AND GO ON A **REAL** ADVENTURE?

Well, now you can – puzzles, mazes, quizzes, adventure PLUS a **FREE** Slimer chewy bar to really get your teeth into!



So, you think you're ready to become a Real Ghostbuster! To be a fully-fledged ecto-eliminator, you have to be able to think on your feet and so to develop your spiritual vocabulary, here's a spooky word search for you to complete. All the words hidden in the grid, are listed below. Each word runs either horizontally or vertically and all you have to do is put a ring around each one you find. Your task is to find the five words on the list that are not in the grid.

| | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| G | H | O | S | T | B | U | S | T | I | N | G | A |
| S | Q | P | T | H | A | U | N | T | K | T | E | P |
| L | T | R | A | P | R | O | T | O | N | O | C | P |
| I | C | O | N | T | A | I | N | F | D | B | T | A |
| M | R | S | T | A | Y | P | U | F | T | I | O | R |
| E | E | P | Z | S | V | E | X | M | W | N | M | I |
| T | E | E | D | C | A | C | W | A | I | L | O | T |
| H | P | N | S | R | O | T | J | M | N | P | B | I |
| E | Y | G | N | E | G | O | N | O | S | P | I | O |
| R | T | L | I | A | R | P | F | O | T | E | L | N |
| E | O | E | F | M | E | L | A | N | O | T | E | E |
| A | M | R | F | Q | J | A | N | I | N | E | B | V |
| L | B | Y | E | S | U | S | G | U | N | R | A | I |
| E | N | T | R | A | P | M | E | N | T | C | T | L |

GHOSTBUSTING
APPARITION
ENTRAPMENT
SLIME
ECTOPLASM
MR STAY PUFT
ECTOMOBILE
STANTZ
ETHEREAL
CONTAIN
HQ
SNIFFER
EVIL
CREEPY
SPENGLER
ZEDDMORE
RAY
EGON

JANINE
WINSTON
VENKMAN
PETER
PROTON
ZUUL
TOBIN
OGRE
VAMPIRE
GUN
HAUNT
WAIL
FANG
SPECTRAL
TOMB
SCREAM
MOON
BAT
TRAP

FREE SLIMER CHEWY BAR

If you have found the five red herrings, you can collect your official busting equipment. If you haven't, you need more basic training. Why don't you consult Egon's Guide to All Things Spiritual on page 47?

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS PUZZLEBUSTER!
ISSUE ONE ON SALE NOW!
BI-MONTHLY FROM MARVEL

SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

The case of Bobby Glossop, as revealed in a serialised form in the Sunday Times over the last few weeks, may throw a great deal of light on Science's opinions on the inter-relation of Sleep and the Occult.

Glossop, an insomniac since early childhood, claims he was too afraid to sleep, because whenever he did, he found himself in a distant, infernal dimension. So fearful were the encounters he had there, he resolved never to sleep again.

Doctor Sigmund Frayed, the noted psychologist (it says here in my notes), analysed Glossop's case and told him that basically what he had was a leather-effect Sampsonite valise with built-in castors and towing strap.

Dissatisfied, Glossop turned to Doctor Sigfried Mound for a second opinion. Mound said that in his opinion, a second was about one sixtieth of a minute and could be measured by regular counting in 'elephants'.

It was about that time that Glossop decided to leave the Amberhampton Home for the Mentally Precarious and try to effect a cure for his torment by seeking the advice of someone who wasn't a fellow patient.

In Stuttgart, Glossop encountered Victor Von Tew, who had collaborated with Vondahuck on the unsurpassed *Spectral Imagery and*



PART 119

Phantom Representation in the Works of Fred Quimby. Von Tew agreed to put his fast occult prowess to work helping the unfortunate, and now rather tired, Glossop. The vast occult prowess was in fact a surly male of that breed (sex is difficult to identify in the prow), and was rather reluctant to be put to work on anything. However, after a chat with Von Tew and the promise of some juicy compost as a lunchtime treat, the prow examined Glossop's psychic aura and revealed to all and sundry the awful truth. After all and sundry had finished gasping at the awful truth, and Von Tew had admonished the prow for telling secrets like that to just anyone, and all and sundry had been asked to move along as there was nothing to

see, the prow added that Glossop was possessed by a supernatural desire to make a dreamquest into the icy and sulphurous wastes of Unknown Codoth.

Von Tew asked the prow what Unknown Codoth was, but the prow said he didn't know, and besides he'd have to be off as his compost was getting cold.

Von Tew decided that the only thing for it was for Glossop to fall asleep and encounter his fear directly, in the hope that more could be learned about it and perhaps a weakness found. Glossop at last agreed, and fell asleep, to find himself at once in the biting cold eldritch wilderness that he remembered from the disturbed nights of his early childhood. Three spindly moor-ghouls capered up to him and gibbered 'Unknown Codoth! Unknown Codoth!' At this point, Glossop woke up screaming and told Von Tew that he, Bobby Glossop, was Unknown Codoth.

Then Glossop woke up again, and realised that the whole story of his insomnia and treatment at the hands of Victor Von Tew was a dream as well. Quite remarkable.

Even more remarkable is the fact that Glossop managed to make quite so much money out of a shaggy dog story from the Sunday papers.



Story DAN ABNETT  Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS

Wednesday, 12th September 1990

When it comes to getting up in the morning, the only person I regularly beat is Peter. I beat him with all sorts of things – rolled up magazines, laundry bags, rounders bats, anything that will make him stir himself and get on with the day.

When I clambered out of bed this morning, he was still snoring away as usual, but not only were Ray and Egon *not* in their beds, from the state of the neatly folded bed-linen I deduced that they hadn't been there at any time in the previous ten hours either.

Tray of coffee in hand, I went looking for them. I found Egon asleep in his lab, sprawled out over the workbench across a whole stack of elaborate designs and blueprints. He'd stayed up all night working and fallen asleep where he was. Leaving him a strong cup of coffee, I went in search of Ray, who was more difficult to locate. I eventually found him lying asleep under a massive and oily hunk of engine rigged up in the machine shop. Only his feet were sticking out from underneath – he too had fallen asleep in the middle of an all-night work session, one that no doubt had sinister connections to Egon's frantic designing. I slid a cup of coffee under the engine block beside him on the roller board, and he woke up as the hot aroma reached his nose.

"Don't sit up suddenly," I said. "You've fallen asleep underneath the engine you've been working on." But my words were drowned out by a hollow clang and a muffled yelp. "What are you doing?" I asked him and he gave me a suspicious smile and tapped the side of his nose with an oily finger. "Being prepared," he said significantly, a black streak of grease down the side of his nose.

Egon wandered down into the machine shop about then and eyed the 'engine' with a thoughtful gaze. "How's 'it' coming along?" He asked. "Oh, *you know* . . ." replied Ray.

"I don't," I put in honestly. They both looked at me and both tapped the sides of their noses with their fingers.

"Sinus trouble?" I asked.



Thursday, 13th September 1990

Peter and I were driving back from a bust in ECTO-1 when the Highway Patrol called us up on the shortwave. They had, it seemed, had a sighting of a very fast moving and riderless BMX bike cycling down the Interstate on its own and as it wasn't 'Invisible Child Awareness Week', they considered it a job for us. We went.

The strange apparition had already caused three accidents as startled drivers swerved to avoid it, though thankfully none had been serious. The Highway Patrol wanted us to bust the BMX quickly before something more dangerous happened.

We found it all right, but we couldn't catch it. As we closed on the bizarre, personless bike, it gained in speed, its wheels and pedals a blur as it put a good distance between us and it. "Go! Go!" bellowed Peter, winding down the passenger window to try and get off a shot at the speeding cycle, but I'd already floored it and the revs were going off the scale. "The old Caddy won't go any faster!" I yelled back, "I can't get a touch more than one hundred and six out of her, and we're getting left behind!"

We got left behind. The BMX disappeared into the distance, and I pulled ECTO-1 on to the hard shoulder with black smog boiling from under the hood. By then of course I'd also remembered the Animatrix ghost that Egon and I encountered in Detroit a week or

two ago, which possessed ECTO-1 and finally escaped us by possessing a battered BMX bike.

The Animatrix had reached New York, and it wouldn't be long before it switched from the bike to something bigger, more powerful and more deadly . . . like a Ferrari, or a juggernaut, or an earthmover.

We had to do something about it immediately. Once we'd actually caught it.



Friday, 14th September 1990

"I knew the Animatrix would reach New York in time, and I've designed a way to combat it . . . with Ray's engineering help." Egon yawned as we got back to HQ and made our report. "Once possessed by the Animatrix, any vehicle will leave conventional transport standing. So then, Peter and Winston, we present . . . ECTO-500!"

Ray unveiled a massive, lean, mean racing machine that had two enormous vacuum cleaners strapped to the bonnet. The Ghostbusters had a new set of wheels.

After they'd shown us ECTO-500, Ray and Egon went to bed to catch up with their sleep, and as Peter was adamant he wouldn't get near the thing, it was up to me to give it a test drive. I've never been in control of anything so powerful in my life. It was basically a formula one car powered by the sort of protonic nuclear accelerator we use in our back packs. The Highway Patrol cleared the Interstate and I set off after the

BMX ghost. When it saw me catching up with it, it tried to outrun me, but I just opened up the power and hung on behind. At three hundred and six miles per hour, the battered BMX disintegrated, leaving only the stubby little ghost form of the Animatrix running lickerty-split away from me.

At just under three hundred and fifty miles per hour, I had closed the gap enough to use the powerful ecto-suction cannons on the bonnet of ECTO-500. Like massive versions of Ghost Traps, the cannons pulled in any ecto-sopic material in range. I threw the switches on the dash-board and they screamed into life, catching the frantic Animatrix in a white glow and finally dragging him back, up their pipes into the on-board containment reservoir.

Then I shut down the cannons and the drive power and as my speed dropped, I popped the deceleration parachutes from the back of the racer and slid to a halt in the heat haze of the freeway.

Saturday, 15th September 1990

Even Peter was up ahead of me today. When he tried to get me out of bed, I told him that as I'd travelled faster yesterday than I usually do in a whole week, I had a lot of sleep owing to me. Besides, I didn't want to find out what Ray and Egon had been up all night building this time. "Still," said Peter as he left me to my slumbers, "there's no getting away from it. ECTO-500 is one mean machine."

"You're so right," I mumbled in response. "There's *absolutely* no getting away from it."

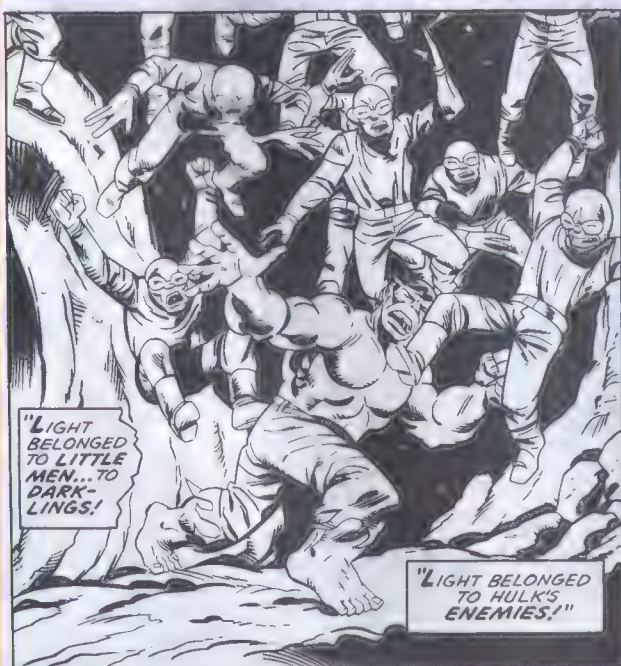


AN INCREDIBLE, HULKING COMPETITION!



In association with New World Videos, we're proud to bring you the chance of winning an Incredible Hulk® video! But it's not just any old Incredible Hulk® video – it's the latest release from New World Video, *The Death Of The Incredible Hulk*! Starring Bill Bixby and Lou Ferrigno, it's the story of Dr. David Banner's latest attempt to rid himself of his savage, uncontrollable side for the last time – even if the experiment could result in his death! We've got 20 copies up for grabs, plus 10 runner-up prizes of Marvel Comics™ Video versions of your favourite lean, green, fightin' machine, featuring two stories per video – *Tomb Of The Unknown Hulk* and *Prisoner Of The Monster*! So don't delay – enter today!

WHAT TO DO: We know how eagle-eyed you lot are out there, so now's your chance to prove it! Below are two views of ol' green-eyed and breathless doing his thing. They may look identical, but (there's always a but, yes?) they're not. All together there are FIVE differences between picture 1 and picture 2. All you have to do is find them, ring them in a nice, bright colour, and send picture 2 together with your name, address and age, to: THE INCREDIBLE HULK VIDEO COMPETITION, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2R 3DX. All entries must be in by Monday, 22nd October 1990 – the closing date. The first prizes will be awarded to the first 20 correct entries checked, and the 10 runner-up prizes will be awarded to the 10 correct entries checked thereafter.



RULES: The competition is open to readers in Great Britain, other than employees and their families of Marvel Comics Ltd., and New World Video. The Editor's decision in all matters relating to the competition is final, and no correspondence will be entered into. Only one entry per person allowed. Winners will be notified, and a list of winners will be available on request.

NAME:

ADDRESS:

AGE:

TOURISTS OF TERROR

The Tower of London is full of ghosts, but none quite so diabolical and horrifying as the Ghosts of Tourists. They wander around the Tower in their bermuda shorts and 'I LOVE LONDON' t-shirts, photographing everything they can find.

The Real Ghostbusters were called in, and promptly Peter and Ray had a run-in with the holidaying horrors. With a blinding flash of light, Peter had his photo taken but worse still, Ray was taken. . . as a souvenir!

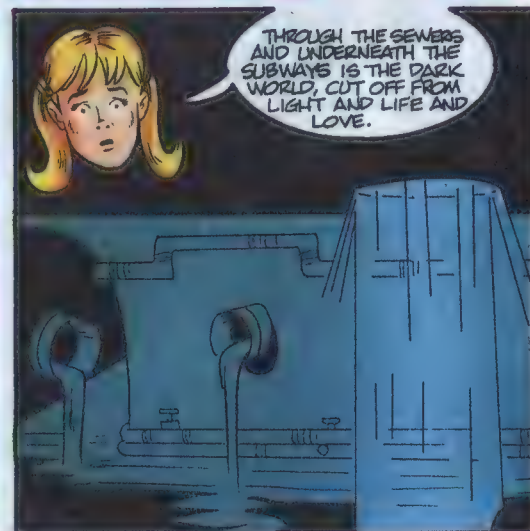
The downfall for the tourists came when they decided to visit the Crown Jewels, the Tower's biggest attraction.

Egon, Winston and Peter were lying in wait for the two sightseeing spectres: a Class two Skeletal Vacational Repeater and a particularly nasty Half Torso Floating Vacational Repeater. The ghosts were so keen to experience the historically famous spooks of the past that they fell for Winston's trick and visited the Ghostbusters' Ecto-containment Unit. Free of charge!

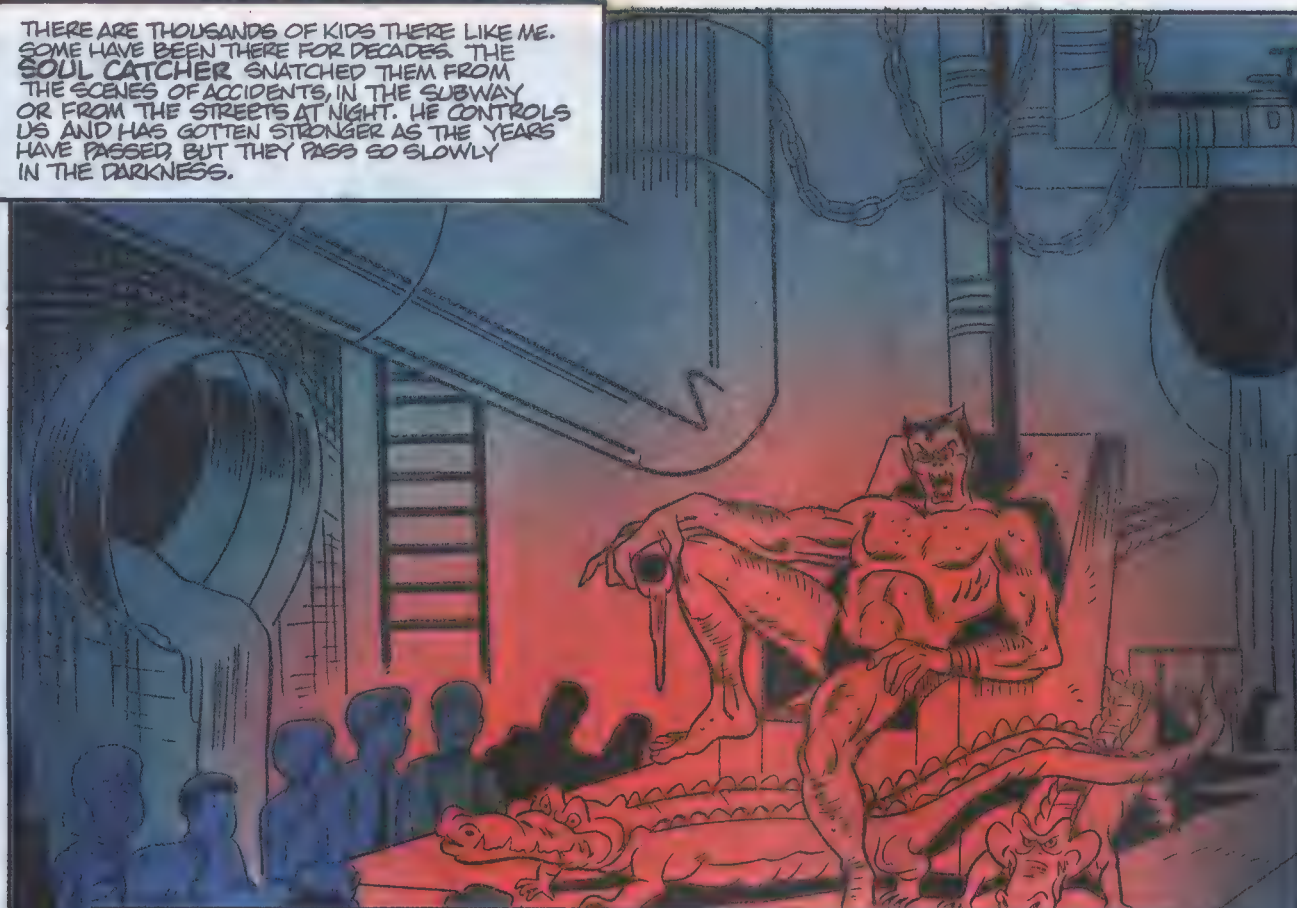


THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

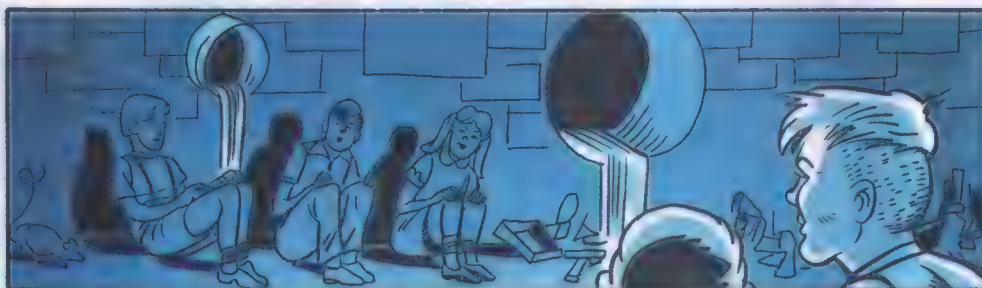
Part Three: The High School Reunion that Ray Stantz has to attend is not turning out quite as planned. Was it just a plan to capture a Real Ghost-buster?

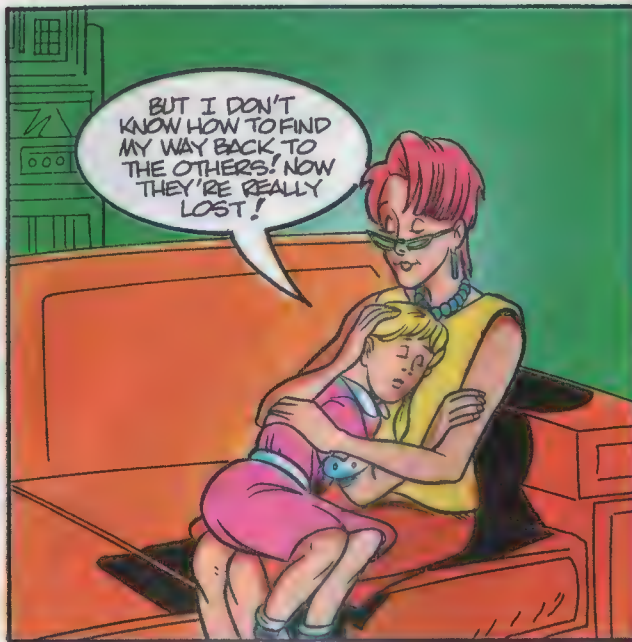


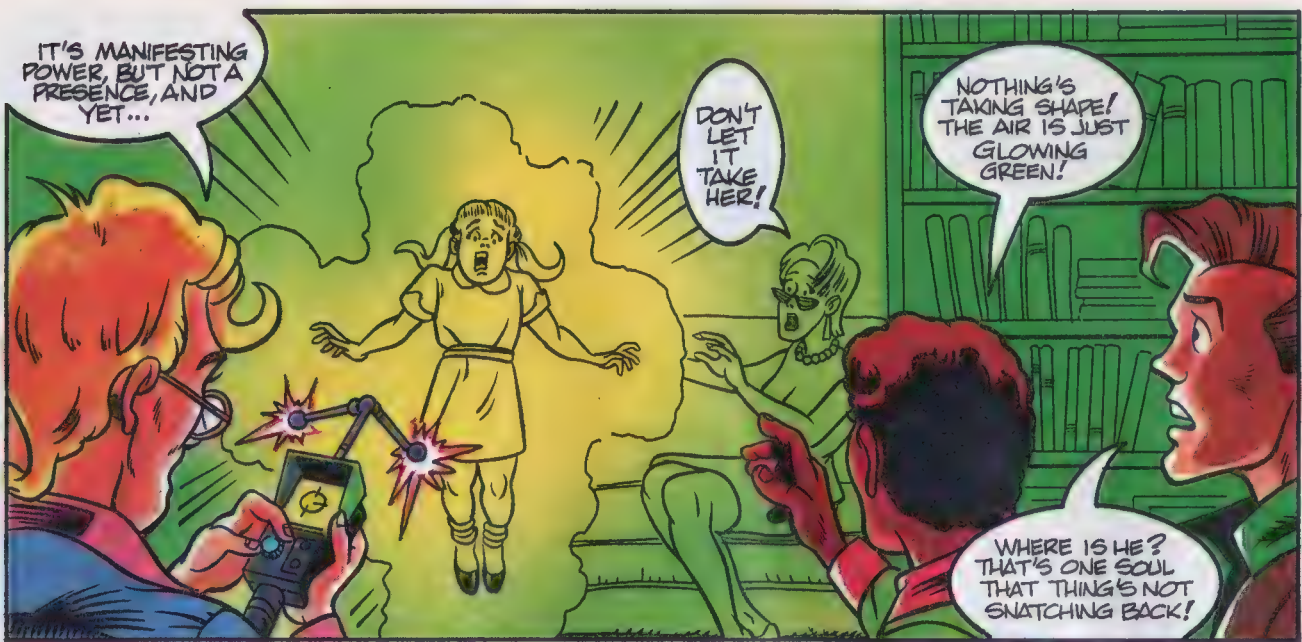
THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF KIDS THERE LIKE ME. SOME HAVE BEEN THERE FOR DECADES. THE SOUL CATCHER SNATCHED THEM FROM THE SCENES OF ACCIDENTS, IN THE SUBWAY OR FROM THE STREETS AT NIGHT. HE CONTROLS US AND HAS GOTTEN STRONGER AS THE YEARS HAVE PASSED, BUT THEY PASS SO SLOWLY IN THE DARKNESS.



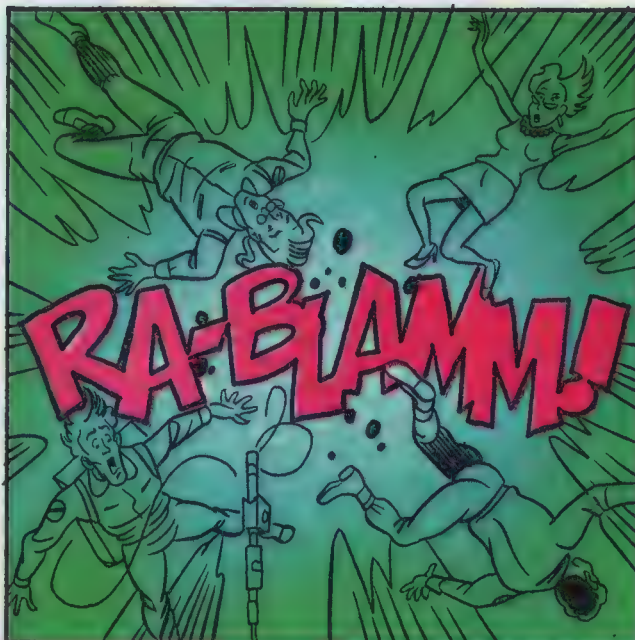
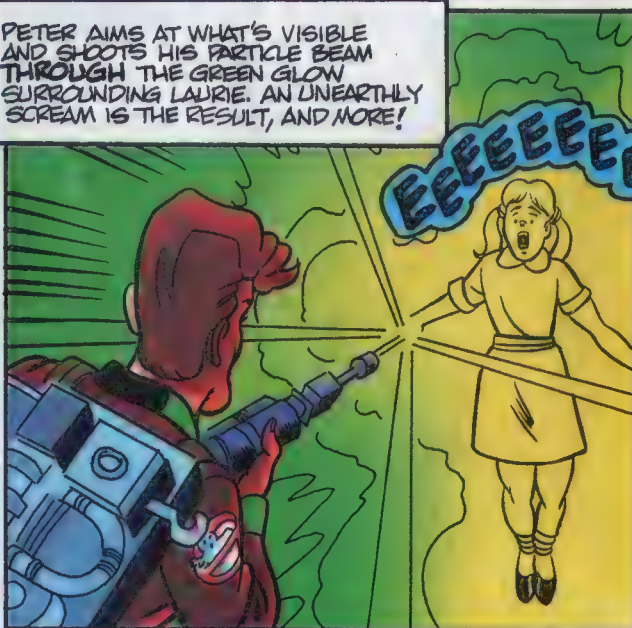
THEN A BOY NAMED MICHAEL FOUND A WAY UP TO THE SEWERS. THERE'S SO MANY OF US THERE NOW THAT HE CAN'T ALWAYS KEEP TRACK OF US, ESPECIALLY IF HE'S OFF CAPTURING ANOTHER SOULCHILD. MICHAEL SHOWED ME THE WAY AND EXPLAINED THAT IF WE COULD FIND THE GHOSTBUSTERS, THEY'D HELP US. MICHAEL WAS RECAPTURED, BUT HE TOLD ME ABOUT THE DREAMWORLD, AND HOW TO SEARCH IT, WHICH IS HOW I FOUND MR. VENKMAN.








PETER AIMS AT WHAT'S VISIBLE AND SHOOTS HIS PARTICLE BEAM THROUGH THE GREEN GLOW SURROUNDING LAURIE. AN UNEARTHLY SCREAM IS THE RESULT, AND MORE!





DEAD TRUE!



ogical explanations for strange phenomena rarely present themselves to those who study the paranormal. Sometimes, however, answers can be found from studying the history of an area or place.

One such case was centred upon a certain Mrs. Heath, who experienced a whole string of scary incidents whilst driving her car at a spot known as the Four Sisters Crossroads in Stratford St. Mary.

She first thought that something was odd when one of her car tyres burst for no apparent reason. No serious damage was done, however, and she thought no more of it until a few weeks later. This time the car stalled and Mrs. Heath was very surprised to discover that

she had run out of petrol. You may be thinking that this is not so terrifying, but the fact is it happened on exactly the same spot!

Having found a garage, Mrs. Heath returned to her car with some petrol. As soon as she got into the car she felt that something was wrong. As the temperature dropped gradually to an icy coldness, she had a terrible feeling that there was something there in the car behind her! Not just something, but something evil and malevolent! Forcing herself to turn round, she discovered that there was nothing there, yet the feeling of evil continued until she was sure that something hairy was reaching towards her with its clawed fingers!

Two weeks later Mrs. Heath was driving past

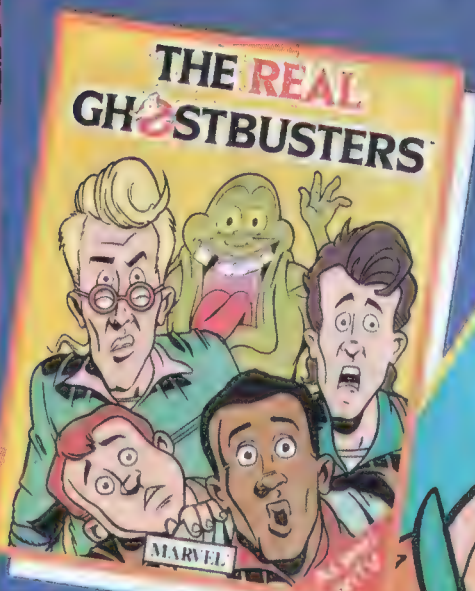
the crossroads when her car suddenly span off the road and crashed, leaving her unhurt but badly shaken. This didn't put the intrepid driver off though, and late one night the feeling that something evil was in the car returned as she passed the crossroads. This time, however, there were fearful rattlings and knockings and Mrs. Heath actually felt something prod her in the back!

Having later examined the car, her husband and a mechanic could find nothing to explain the phenomena.

Mrs. Heath was later to discover that crossroads were, traditionally, the places where suicides and murderers were buried, so that should their ghosts walk, the four roads would confuse their spirits into staying there!



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THINGS
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SMALL
PACKAGES’



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100 pages for just **99p**

SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London
WC2



What happened to Ray when he jumped off the Empire State Building?

He's now called X-ray!
— Benjamin Kirkham, Kent

What's a ghoulish's favourite dinner?

Ghoulash!
— Martin Davidson, Birmingham

What did one ghost say to the other?

Do you believe in people!
— Diwyn Eden, Clwyd

What did one ghost say to the other ghost?

It's been nice spooking to you!
— Andrew Gray, Dorset

Where do you go to if your hand's been chopped off?

To a second-hand shop!
— Steven Buchan, York

Why did The Real Ghostbusters ask Slimer to join their softball team?

Because they needed more team spirit!
— Paul Cooper, Leigh-on-Sea



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GH^oST WRITING!



Hi there, Ghostbuster fans!
Another rummage through
the paranormal post-bag, so
suck in the guts and read
on ...

Dear Peter...

Please could you answer my
questions:

1. How old was Gozer when
you busted her?
2. How comes that when
Slimer eats food, it
doesn't go right through him?
3. Is Ray fat?
4. What is it like being slimed?
5. Has Slimer got a girlfriend?
6. How long did it take Ray to
make the Ghost Traps?

— Melissa Harfleet, Luton.

*1. Judging by the way that
Gozer was acting, and the fact
that she was being
worshipped, along with Zuul,
by the Sumerians around 6000
B.C. I would say that she was
over 8000 years old, at least! 2.
I don't suppose the food gets a
chance. It would probably turn
to slime before it had a chance*

*to get out. 3. Delicately plump
is the correct phrase to
describe Ray, I think! 4. Have
you ever been drenched from
head to foot with rain? Well,
imagine what that is like then
add the stickiness, the
ooziness and the horrible fact
that it all comes from Slimer!
5. I hope not! 6. A couple of
days, I guess!*

1. How come three of the
Ghostbusters have the letter Z
in their surnames? It is very
unusual.
2. Will you be having any
recent ghost stories in Dead
True? The ones that you have
seem to be very old.
3. How come The Ghostbusters
comic is so brill?

— David McKinnie, St. Ives

*1. I'll tell you something that's
even more unusual... every
one of us has an N in their
name. And Ray has only two
vowels in his name. Totally
mind-blowing, isn't it? 2. We
do tell you recent ghost
stories, but it's just that so
many of them happened a
long time ago and also, Egon
tells me, more people died
then as well. So there's bound
to be more older ghost stories!
3. Well, let's just say we're
totally brill ourselves!*

1. Do you like The Beastie
Boys?
 2. What did Slimer look like
before he was a ghost?
- John-Paul Lavery,
Portadown.

*1. Can't say that I do, John-
Paul. I've always been a
staunch fan of The Ghostie*

*Boys, especially their mega-
hit, No Sleep We're Busting! 2.
If he used to eat the same
amount of food before he
died as he does now, then I
imagine he looked just as
disgusting and fat!*

Please can you answer my
questions:

1. Where does Slimer sleep?
- 2 In **Ghostbusters II**, what was
Ghostbusters' HQ called?
3. Do you believe in **Dead
True**?
4. Do spirits harm people?
5. Which ghost do you like
best?

— Douglas Blackford,
Swindon.

*1. You know, when you're as
ugly and slimy as Slimer is,
people don't tend to argue
with you if they happen to
find you asleep in their beds.
So the answer is: anywhere he
wants, really. 2. Spookily
enough, it was called...
Ghostbusters' HQ! Totally
bizarre, huh? 3. Certainly I do!
They are real true stories,
believe me. Would I lie to you?
4. Yes, if they are of the
particularly nasty variety! 5. A
busted one!*

Please can you answer my
question:

Why is Slimer called Slimer
when he is made of
ectoplasm?

— Jamie Glen Wright, South
Shields

*Ectoplasmer would be a
particularly stupid name, I'm
sure you'd agree. Anyway,
what is ectoplasm if it isn't
slime!*

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2

ALL CISTERNS GO!

